

THE CAMDEN CHRONICLE.

VOL. II.

CAMDEN, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1890.

NO. 6.

We are still of the opinion that it is entirely too soon to choose the next President of the United States. There is a good deal of work to be done before July, 1892. We have got leaders enough—what we want is organization and continued effort for a year and a half—not in the interest of any individual, but in the interest of the Democratic party.—National Democrat.

COL. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, of the New York Mail and Express, gives vent to his feelings over the late election by printing the American flag reversed as a signal of distress. It is a fine tribute to the patriotism of the American people that in memory of a political disaster like that of last Tuesday only one man, so far as heard from, has made an ass of himself.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SOME orators boasted loudly in the late campaign of the British capital protection was attracting to this country. They said little about the cheap foreign labor the same attraction would bring with the capital. Now they must see how the presence of much British capital, liable to be recalled from this country whenever a stringency is felt in London, agitates Wall street and affects all our money centers.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

RUSSELL & Co., Massillon, Ohio, are not the only manufacturers who are discharging operatives because they voted against Mr. McKinley. The Denber-Hampden Watch Company, at Canton, Ohio, in the same district, has also begun discharging men because they voted against Mr. McKinley. These employers say their men are working against their interests. Suppose all Democrats should refuse to buy from these manufacturers on the same grounds, it would be hard, would it not? Ohio needs the Dortch law.—Nashville-Herald.

THE firm of Russell & Co., of Massillon, Ohio, which reduced the wages of employees who voted the Democratic ticket at the late election, is beginning to hear something from the Ohio farmers regarding that outrageous action. Thirty farmers, in a single township, have united in a boycott against it, and papers are being circulated generally for the signatures of farmers, pledging themselves not to operate or employ any one operating a Russell engine and thrasher until the firm restores the wages of its Democratic employees to the former rate. Unless the firm cares to limit its business to Republican customers, the plan will probably be effective in bringing it to time.—Chicago Herald.

THE Republican party, in order to prevent a reform of the tariff, increased the pensions up to nearly \$200,000,000. To meet this it will take all the revenue of the odious McKinley act, and perhaps necessitate a revival of the income tax, which, while it lasted, was fruitful of more perjury than any law ever spread upon the statute books of the States. But the Government must have money to meet its expenses, and as there is a great pressure of public opinion for tariff reform, evidenced so clearly on the 4th of November by the great Democratic victory, and there must be a rearrangement of the tariff to correspond with the demands of the people, recourse must be had by the law-makers in Congress to an income tax. The rich must bear some of the burdens; the poor are now loaded with more than they can carry with ease and comfort.—Memphis Commercial.

GENERAL NEWS.

John McCoyle, a Shelby County convict, attempted to escape from his guards at Nashville, Monday and was shot and killed.

Mrs. Charles Green, of Kentucky, who was twice a widow before she was eighteen years old, is now twenty-five and has been six times married.

Mr. A. B. Pickett, late editor of the Memphis Avalanche, has acquired control of the Memphis Scimitar, and is now the chief editor of that publication.

A dispatch from London says that a clerk named Duboise committed suicide at Monte Carlo Saturday, after losing all his funds at the gambling tables. This is the ninety-second suicide at Monte Carlo this season.

The large brick block on the north side of Main street at Bells, and belonging to Moss & Thomas, in which was their livery stable, was destroyed by fire Friday morning. Nine head of horses were also burned to death.

Lizzie Bullock, colored, was run over and instantly killed by a train on the Tennessee Midland Railroad, between Eola and Somerville, last week. This is the first fatal accident that has occurred on that road since it has been in operation.

A young man by the name of Doc. Ashley, of near Buffalo, shot A. J. Bruce, of Duck River Bend, last Monday. The difficulty took place at Waverly. Bruce is not expected to live. A dispute about the ownership of a skiff was the cause of the difficulty.

A. M. Loftus a young man residing with his parents near Gainsborough, interfered to prevent his father from mistreating his mother. His father then assaulted him and the son shot his father killing him instantly. A brother was accidentally killed during the difficulty.

A farmer in Summer County, Kans., has become a raving maniac by reason of the whistling of locomotives through his farm. He has been placed in the asylum and his condition is said to be most pitiful as he crouches in terror from every noise under the hallucination that it is a train of cars.

Jack Staples, a negro youth, was hanged at Knoxville last Friday for rape. Sheriff Holloway pulled the trap at 2.45 o'clock and death resulted in fifteen minutes. On the 18th of last February, in a secluded spot, 13 miles north from the above place, the negro fiend with lustful desire attacked Mrs. Rufus Lewis, the wife of a respectable farmer, and after a long and desperate struggle succeeded in raping her. After several hours chase the brute was captured and with difficulty a lynching was prevented. Staples was only sixteen years of age and illiterate.

Last Friday, in Hill City, John Pickett was killed in a hand to hand conflict with Tom Allen. Three years ago Pickett killed his own wife on Walden's Ridge, and was acquitted by a jury on the plea that it was accidental. Allen told Pickett to-night that any one who would kill his wife was no man at all. Pickett attempted to shoot Allen with a shotgun, but was prevented by a bystander. He then drew a knife and commenced cutting at Allen, who also produced a knife. The duel to death was fierce. Allen received thirteen stabs, but landed a blow on Pickett's jugular vein which ended the fight. Pickett died a few minutes later.

FOILED THE MOB

A FRENZIED CROWD WANTED OLD MAN WIDDIS' BLOOD.

The Huntingdon Prison in which He was Confined Attacked.

THE PRISONER HAD A GUN AND FIRED AT THEM.

One Man Shot and Reported to Have Since Died.

Huntingdon special to the American Nov. 21.]

The fears expressed in your correspondent's special from here last night, that a mob would visit the jail before day and make an effort to limb the double murderer, William Widdis, were well founded. About 9 o'clock as deputy sheriff T. E. Grasty, city marshal Warren Parsons, and Thomas Chance were sitting in the jail discussing the best method of protection to their prisoner, four men, partially disguised, entered the jail and

DEMANDED THE KEY to Widdis' cell. The officers refused to give them up, and, drawing their pistols, ordered them out of the jail. After some parleying they left, but only for reinforcement.

Knowing that the mob, when it returned, would be composed of a sufficient number of determined men to force the keys from the jailer, the various doors of the jail were securely locked and the keys carried up in town and hid, and all waited patiently for

THE APPEARANCE OF THE MOB.

In a short time the jail was surrounded and by 12 o'clock they went to work in good earnest to force an entrance. No effort was made by the citizens to prevent it, believing it would be almost the same as impossible for them to break the two large iron doors leading into the main prison. For four long hours they battered the doors with sledge hammers before they gave way.

The mob was composed of about FORTY WELL ARMED MEN, and more or less disguised. They had the jail surrounded for some time and would let no one go near them, but toward the last they became more indifferent, and a few of the citizens whom the mob knew were allowed to enter the jail.

Your correspondent passed the lines, went to where the men were pounding on the doors and asked the privilege of interviewing the prisoner before he was mobbed. One of them remarked that "we want no d—m newspaper men around here," but another, who seemed to be the leader assured me that the privilege would be granted and for me to take my stand at the foot of the steps, and so soon as the door was broken in sufficiently to get him out I might talk with him.

By this time the hole was large enough for a man to crawl through and a man who had labored harder and abused Widdis more than any one else was the first to go through, a privilege he had asked all along. As he landed in the prison where Widdis was, a pistol shot was heard and the man cried,

"I AM SHOT."

For twenty minutes nothing could be gotten out of him only that he was not hurt much.

In a few minutes another man started through, and another pistol shot rang out on the night air, followed by the cry, "I am shot in the head."

By this time the mob was satisfied that Widdis was armed and making good use of his opportunities. The third man, however, had gotten in the prison, and Widdis was holding them all at bay, and the men without were so nonplused that they hardly knew what to do. Widdis was in a cell, and the men could not get out without passing his armory and also between him and the light, giving him a splendid opportunity to shoot them.

The wounded man and the last one who entered

PLEADED PITEOUSLY

to be permitted to leave the jail unhurt. Finally Widdis, after demanding a promise that they would leave the jail and cease their efforts to do him harm, allowed them to pass.

The mob by this time had become fearful, but no one was willing to enter Widdis' apartments, and as day was fast approaching, the would-be mobbers left town.

The first man that entered the prison was an Irishman, a stranger to all parties, and as he had lied about being shot, the general impression is that

HE ARMED WIDDIS.

The party shot in the head was a young man by the name of Frank Sellers. The ball entered his face to the right of his nose and lodged back of his neck. He was carried to town and had his wound dressed, after which he returned home.

News reached town this afternoon that he had, during the day, died from the wound. The third man was Millard Spain, and he felt considerably rejoiced to get away whole.

Widdis was carried to Nashville this evening for safe-keeping.

AN AMERICAN INTERVIEW.

Widdis arrived here on the 7.45 o'clock train last night on the Northwestern Road in charge of deputy sheriff Grasty and special deputy Butler. He appeared very drowsy and feeble and was hurried to the jail and locked up in a cell in the main body of the prison on the lower floor. He had in his possession a bottle of morphine and \$2 in money, which he said was to buy more morphine.

The morphine and money were taken charge of by the jailor.

When seen in his cell by an American reporter, Widdis appeared in a bad condition mentally and physically. He is a tall man with gray hair, and stooped shoulders, and has a cough, and is so weak that he can hardly stand. He said that when the mob was trying to break into the jail one of the pieces of iron which flew from the door as the besiegers pounded it with a sledge-hammer struck him on the shoulder; that he tried to get out of the way and fell, hurting himself badly. While talking Widdis coughed almost incessantly, and seemed upon the verge of consumption.

His talk was too incoherent to weave into a connected story, and in an absent way frequently contradicted himself, though he could not be confused on the main points of his narrative. He said he fired twice while in jail, and he did not know whether he hit anybody or not. He said the first man to come through the hole in the door seemed to get his shirt caught on a piece of broken iron and that he was all in but his head when the prisoner fired.

He said: "At first they called me a coward and a son-of-a-b—h, but it was not long before they were

begging me and saying, 'Please, Mr. Widdis, don't shoot me.'"

"How did you get your pistol?" "I had it when I was arrested and kept it all the time I was in jail. No; nobody gave me the pistol, and I will not get any man in trouble by saying so. I begged the mob to go away and let me alone for one day, and told them that then they might kill me. I wanted time to prepare to die."

"Why did you kill constable Ross?"

"I do not know that I killed him. I was so full of morphine that I do not remember. I do not know whether I shot or not. One of the men seemed to me to have a pistol. I have been a morphine eater for nine years. I commenced taking it on account of ill-health."

As the haggard, miserable man talked he sank gradually down in the corner of his cell, and at one this morning when the reporter left him, he was still in this position, calling piteously for a cup of coffee, which was furnished him by the guard. He is evidently in a very bad fix, and not long for this world.

THE RECORD.

New York Herald.]

Mr. Reed makes interesting and audacious speeches. The other day he asked a company of Chicago Jacobins what the Democrats had ever done except to criticize and break down. To the Republican party, he said, belonged all the honor, all the achievements associated with American history.

For cool, impertinent insolence it would be hard to parallel this statement. What are the achievements of American history? First, the creation of the Commonwealth of the Northwest by the severance of Virginia. This was done by a Democrat, Thomas Jefferson. Then the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon, giving us the control of the Mississippi River and a magnificent empire, sweeping from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canada line. This was done by a Democrat, Thomas Jefferson. Then the annexation of Florida—entirely the work of a Democrat, Andrew Jackson. Then the coming in of that noble Commonwealth of Texas, a territory larger than France—the work of a Democrat, James K. Polk. The acquisition of our Pacific States—such an empire as might have dazzled the imagination of Caesar—was the work of a Democrat, James K. Polk. To the Democrat Andrew Johnson we owe Alaska.

With this record of things done the speeches of Robespierre Reed are strangely out of place.

At the second and last day's session of the Indiana Farmers' Alliance a resolution was passed demanding the abolition of the national banking system and that all the money issued by the United States be a legal tender for all debts public and private. The resolution also set forth that the Alliance was opposed to the liquor traffic, and that it favored a radical revision of the State tax laws to the end "that all classes shall contribute in maintaining the public burdens; that mortgages on real estate shall be assessed as a part of the realty, thus relieving the mortgagee of double taxation." After endorsing the Australian system of voting now in vogue in Indiana the resolution demands that gambling in grain be made a criminal offense.